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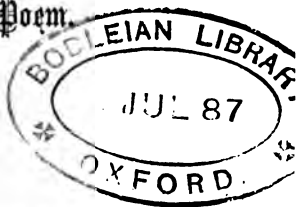




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Anacreontic Poem.



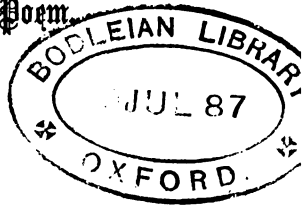
Y PHILOPAIDIAS.

1870.

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THE
 BARMECIDE'S DREAM,

An Anacreontic Poem.



BY PHILOPAIDIAS.

1870.

P R E F A C E .



Who hath not read the Fables of Æsop and what man of TASTE is there that remembereth not the fable of "The Belly and the Members?"

Some philosophers have even gone so far as to fix the seat of the Soul in the Stomach, but I confess (if we must find a locality for an immaterial essence) I should prefer the nobler fancies of others, for the Brain or the Heart.

I respect, however, the sterling common sense of the old slave; for what could the Brain, Heart, or Limbs do without the Belly?

To real *men of taste*, then, do I dedicate this little effusion, not to the helluo, the glutton, the bellygod, "the lewd fellows of the baser sort," no! to the real lovers of the belly, the men of refined mind, as well as taste, who can *appreciate* as well as *eat* a good dinner,—men, who, if perchance they be overcome, ebrius, vulgo screwed, it is not upon gin and swipes, nor is it a HABIT. *Something* of the Guloseton School, but not such downright selfish slaves to the belly as to live to eat instead of eating to live. No doubt we all

do eat too much and doubtless many more people die from eating too much than too little.

But are we not moralizing too much?—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,

Such misbegotten sinner,

Who never to his friends hath said,

Come let's enjoy a dinner!

If such there be, go mark him well,

And may his grief be lasting,

May he never hear the dinner bell

And die unwept and *fasting*!

Enjoy therefore "the gifts the Gods do give you,"—enjoy a good dinner;—"and if so be, why not?" Indigestion is sheer ingratitude on the part of the Stomach and it deserves punishment! Therefore indulge it not too much or like a spoilt child it will rebel. Eat not *too many good dinners* and exceed not in your potations, so shall you really enjoy existence with the "feast of reason and the flow of the soul."



THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST.*



Hark ! Hark ! "the tocsin of the soul"
Now summons us to dinner,
Where fish and flesh and game and fowl,
Rejoice both saint and sinner.
Lo ! Salmon lends his lordly aid,
Or Turbot, Sole, or Whiting,
Or Whitebait choice, of higher grade,
Or Smelts and Cod inviting.
Sauce of *Ánchovy* or *Harvey*,
Jockey, Oude or sauce piquante,
Crab, Shrimp, Lobster well may sarve ye,
Least you're hard to please I grant.
Then real Turtle soup, or Mock,
Oxtail, Gravy, White or Spring,
With Chablis, Sherry, Sparkling Hock,
Ic'd Champagne be sure to bring.
Boil'd Turkey, Chickens, Tongue and Ham,
Pateés Oyster or of Veal,
Stew'd Pigeons or pistachio'd Lamb,
Softly o'er the palate steal.

* Vide the Arabian Nights.

Game pies and Perigord you'll find
 (The last might make one shiver)
 Though eating, truly, some may n't mind,
 Their *friend's* diseased liver !
 Then Ven'son, in a silver dish,
 Or Mutton's noble saddle bring ;
 Next Hare or Pheasant you may wish,
 Some prefer the Partridge wing.
 A breast of Wild Duck or a Teal,
 Lightly done and serv'd in haste,
 With lemon and cayenne you'll feel,
 Stimulates the palling taste.
 But Snipe or Woodcock, with the trail,
 May chance to come within your reach,
 Or fine Red Grouse or Capercail,
 A text whereon you'll surely preach !
 Next Puddings grace the festive board,
 Ices, Tarts, as you'd desire,
 Cream Cheese and Stilton's also stor'd,
 And Macaroni from the fire.
 Pale Ale is then right orthodox,
 Or else it may delight ye,
 With Wenham Ice, in little blocks,
 To take a glass of Aqua Vitæ.
 Your paunch well filled, now do your best,
 Make love or idly chatter,
 And drown, with many a lively jest,
 The busy flunkies' clatter.
 Short's the respite, soon before ye,
 Bright the crystal glasses gleam,
 Dessert is spread, in all its glory,
 Pleasure in each eye doth beam.
 The luscious Grape, the Melon green,
 Red Strawberry, with Devon cream,

With Peach and Nectarine are seen,
 Nor Green Gage unworthy deem.
 The Newtown apple you will find,
 The Cuissemadame and Jargonelle,
 And Golden pippins, rarest kind,
 With Guernsey's pride, sweet Chaumontel.
 Nor Moorpark Apricot despise,
 Fresh, or preserv'd by pensive nun,
 Like frosted silver to our eyes,—
 Is this the way that Heaven's won?
 Shade of Apicius! more delight
 From Pomona could we seek?
 Though Filberts, Almonds, Nuts are right,
 Olives too the palate pique.
 Of eating, now, enough I'm sure,
 Let jolly Bacchus be the theme,
 Invoke the God, in vintage pure,
 A crimson gushing goblet's stream.
 Invoke him, with bright locks of gold,
 Lolling, in panther's skin array'd,
 With ivy crown'd, as erst of old,
 Of Pentheus' fate we're not afraid!
 Of "glorious vintage of Champagne"
 Now fill a brimming bumper toast,
 With three times three each drop then drain,
 Here's Health to our jolly Host!
 Some like the brisk perfumed Moselle,
 ('Tis more a ladies' wine I think)
 White sparkling Burgundy I'd tell
 As finer far for men to drink.
 Hockheimer, prince of Northern wines,
 Purple Burgundy of France,
 Luscious from her reeling vines
 With La Fite our joys enhance.

Southside Madeira you will find,
 Like golden sunset in the glass,
 But fine old Port, of choicest kind,
 Doth all other wines surpass.
 Not *too much age*, for you'll opine,
 Like sweet woman, too much time
 May over mellow charms divine,—
 In the liquor 't would be crime!
 But three times three, again you'll roar,
 A bumper the next toast is,
 And give a hearty one cheer more,
 The Ladies and our Hostess!
 Then pass the genial glass around,
 And let each jolly fellow,
 With fun, and mirth, and joke abound,
 And quaff till he feel mellow.
 Of music's charms lets have a snatch,
 Some can surely sing a song,
 Or troll a trio, glee or catch,
 To pass the time along.
 But stop! don't *sentimental* get,
 Or you may pipe your eyes,
 So try to warble "Fly not yet"
 And not look *over* wise!
 But push the glass about, my boy,
 Nor leave a heeltap sly,
 For life is short, so let's enjoy,
 The moments as they fly.
 And should you speak a little thick,
 Or clip a word, what matter?
 When all are talking loud and quick,
 None mark it in the clatter.
 Your friend the parson never shirks,
 So long as he is able,

But trusts in Faith and also Works,
 When seated at the table !
 He'll teach you by example true,
 What difference good lack 'tis,
 However strange it seem to you,
 'Twixt principle and practice !
 And in the morning, strange your fate !
 You'll find it all too true, sir,
 He's book'd you, in subscription great,
 To convert all the Jews, sir !
 He tried it on too, in his zeal,
 Pat'gonia's sons to save,
 But your friend the Doctor made him feel,
 Too much he must not crave.
 Ah ! deadly lively now, I fear,
 You are, and maudlin merry,
 You easily would drop a tear,
 So bring the nut-brown sherry.
 A jolly bumper quickly drain,
 'Tis liquor that delights us,
 For tea and coffee are in train,
 Terpsichore invites us.
 Sweet Polyhymnia lends her aid
 And beauty's at our call,
 For hark ! "Should he upbraid,"
 And Wippert's in the Hall.
 So truly, friend, if you be wise,
 Nor feel much nervous dread,
 Pluck up, and from the table rise.
 Alas ! that's easy said,—
 But then 'tis not so easy done,
 The room keeps going round,
 Two chandeliers you see for one,
 Two jolly hosts you've found !

I don't think you could walk a line,
 And the girls would laugh their fill,
 If you should make mistake, in fine,
 Of a *Reel* for a Quadrille!
 And now you do look wondrous white,
 Pray mind what you are at,
 It would not much your friends delight,
 To see you shoot a cat!
 I really think it is a shame,
 Your stomach's so ungrateful,
 The wine, I'm sure, you cannot blame,
 You've only got your pate full!
 And so, once more, to set all right,
 A bumper try, of brandy,
 Lo! nectar would the Gods delight,
 See Justerini handy!
 Some may prefer the mountain dew,
 With peaty flavour fine,
 The produce of Glenlivat true,—
 Be Justerini mine!
 But no! alas! quite vain is all,
 John Bunyan's words are true,
 "He that is down need fear no fall,"
 Nor, Tommy, now need you!
Above, you did your duty well,
 But when *below* the table,
 What you may do is hard to say,
 And more than I am able.
 In Flodden field, in olden time,
 "Good night to Marmion" quoth the Monk!
 Our words sound surely more sublime,
 "Good night poor Tommy, you are drunk!"*

* It was not the Monk but the Esquiro Blount who

Brave Marmion fell, the foe before,
 Right manful, under shield,
 He fell, alas ! to rise no more,
 No more his brand to wield.
 Poor Tommy's but a carpet knight,
 Ne'er wished to fight a dragon,
 But rests contented,—luckless wight,—
 To fall before a flagon !
 And doth he not bold Marmion beat,
 Like Falstaff in the play ?
 His death is but a counterfeit
 He'll fight another day !
 And many a flagon he will floor,
 And many a bottle crack,
 Nor much he'll heed, if that once more,
 It throw him on his back !
 For after all, if choice you'd make,
 (All men *must* Lord Byron said)
 The Headache 'twixt and Heartache,
 Though next morning you're half dead,

made this blunt speech about his master. Scott has immortalized the fellow ; and, though I am *helping*, I could not make his name rhyme to drunk, whilst it came so naturally to monk ! I hope, as an excuse, the fellow was so when he made it. I have also immortalized poor TOMMY,—but I shall not betray his surname, least the uncircumcised rejoice. It *might* be Thompson. I could have easily have made another verse, as,

“ Good night to Marmion,” in a funk,
 Quoth Blount, his worthy squire ;
 Good night, old Tommy, you are drunk,”
 We say, as you'd desire !

but somehow I had a weakness for the Monk, as being more clerical !

Really 'tis not so much matter ;
 If the Headache be a bore,
 There's few men would choose the latter,—
 A PICK ME UP will restore !
 Besides, Saint Paul your parson quotes,
 For his dear stomach's sake,
 And also, St. Augustine notes,
 When cheering cup he'd take.
 Infirmities we often feel,
 Support must therefore need,
 And age, too, will upon us steal,
 When good wine's milk indeed !
 And we truly can't deny a,
 Dogma that most people trust in,
 Anima nunc certe quia
 Spiritus, saith St. Augustine,
 Sicco in, can't habitare ;
 Therefore pious persons may,—
 (But then of *too much*, beware ye)
 Moisten well their sinful clay !
 Anima *spiritus* he saith
 Nunc quid spiritus, define ?
 Companions jolly with one breath
 Say the spirit must be wine !*
 Sweet Venus, with pale locks of gold,
 Without Ceres' aid sha'n't do,
 Without Bacchus, though, she'll grow cold,
 Yet still with *too much* can't do.†

* The soul being spirit cannot abide in drought.
 What is drought? Dust and ashes. What is spirit?
 Wine.—*Peacock*.

† Shakspeare.

Poor Cassio's "inordinate cup"
 "Unbless'd" was,—he told us nought new,
 And Iago, the wretch, cut him up
 And the "Devil *was* in it" prov'd true.*
 I might poor Peter too have quoted,
 In brown stout drown'd and stingo,
 But Ingoldsby the Great's too noted
 By Dunstan and St. Jingo !†

* Query—*Him* for *it*.

† As to the worthy Jingo, I grieve to say that I entertain sundry doubts about his respectability. His name is evidently derived from Gin and Go, and I fear he took sadly too many goes of gin with the Kentish smugglers. In short he must have been a very Wet Saint, and, in those wild districts, is shrewdly suspected of having founded a rather loose sect called Wet Quakers. The reverend author's admirable ~~definition~~ *derivation* of Jingo from Gengulphus is quite confirmatory of my views, for it is clearly Gin-gulp-us! Consult Max Müller. He also makes Jingo rhyme with Bingo, wishing, doubtless, to keep his saintship in good company, as he had got a curious crotchet (almost amounting to conviction) that Bingo was the name of Tobit's dog. I am not prepared to subvert this theory, as the name of that Apocryphal gentleman's dog has not been duly transmitted to posterity. Perhaps it may yet turn up, in some old Jewish chronicle. I truly hope so, as it is rather a disgrace that the only dog mentioned in Holy Writ should have no name. The names of many far less reputable dogs (bipeds) are duly recorded. Pending that, as the lawyers say, I will not be hard upon my reverend and revered friend, but freely accept the canine cognomen Bingo as apocryphally correct. When Convocation comes to the revision of the Apocrypha this will doubtless be duly taken into consideration. I shall take care to urge it out of respect to my late friend of Barham Downs.

From Clarence' story, I should judge,
 He never was a bright chap,
 The Malmsey butt is all a fudge,
 They went and drugg'd his nightcap !
 This age is sure the AGE OF BEER,
 And ratioecination,
 With Doctoressees we feel queer,
 'Tis such an innovation !
 We might too call it AGE OF BRASS,
 Strong-minded females vote,—
 Not ladies of the better class,
 Nor any one of note.
 'Tis said *John Mills* (or *Charley*) meant
 To frame a female law,
 And let them sit in Parliament,
 Except when in the straw !
 Indecent publications' act,
 Now, *justly* Strand can't handle,
 No one will e'er dispute the fact
 Who reads the Warwick scandal !
 Pope said that little learning
 Intoxicates the ~~mind~~, *brain*
 But large draughts of Pierian spring
 Will sober us again !
 I wish that he/made it clear,
 'Twas so with fine October,
 A little draught to make you queer
 A lot more make you sober !

MORAL

MODERATION IN ALL
 THINGS, quoth truly St. Paul.
 And ye, table stickers,
 Mind don't mix your liquors,
 And I pray you don't tarry
 To get more than you'll carry !

/had

